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THE STANZAS OF
OMAR KHAYYAM



THE JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
LONDON



*Omar Khayyam, in life's calm eventide,
Pacing his garden paths at height of June
With one whose youth shone like the rising moon,
Murmured these words: "when earth on either side
Shall clasp this breathing clay, the Potter's pride;
When all these songs are silenced, soon, too soon;
Then shall red Rose-leaves morning, night, and noon,
Blown by North winds, the dust of Omar hide."
Listened the youth, and wondered: yet being sure
No wise man's words like snowflakes melt in vain,
After long years, with eld's slow steps, again
Turning to Omar's home in Naishapur,
He sought that tomb, but found, by wild winds blown,
Drift of red Rose-leaves, deep on a hidden stone.*

John Addington Symonds.

Tomb of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur.

THE

THE

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The STANZAS
of
OMAR KHAYYAM

Translated from the
PERSIAN *by* JOHN LESLIE GARNER
second edition with INTRO-
DUCTION AND NOTES



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INTRODUCTION



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STUDY.



HY, old fellow, this endeavor,
Oil at midnight wasting ever,
Spending weeks and months in learning
What an A is, what a B is,
What a C, D, F or G is,
Till thy brain is racked and turning?

Philosophic, empty dreaming!
Though thy skull with wit be teeming,
Prithee, tell me what the gain!
Seekest thou the thought to banish,
From this world thou, too, must vanish,
Like the simplest rattlebrain?

All this nonsense from thee throwing,
Seek the vault where wine is flowing,
Whence it calls in accents cheery,
That 'twill teach the mode of quaffing,
Gayly mid thy comrades laughing,
Driving way thy learning dreary!

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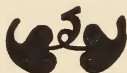


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This alone is worth the knowing,
All the rest is fruitless sowing,
That there is no harvest shows it;
Grammar is but wretched lumber,
Metaphysics makes one slumber,
Here, professor, prosit, prosit !

—From the Modern Greek of Christópulos.



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INTRODUCTION.



ONE day Bahram Gur, seated at the feet of his mistress, the fair Dīl Aram, confessed to her his love. Fortunately she yielded to the eloquence of "that great hunter"; their hearts beat as one, and in the vows which they exchanged, their words fell in such perfect unison that rhyme and rhythm resulted, and verse was born in Iran.

Graceful though this legend be, its truth is somewhat impaired by the fact that Persia, then in its decadence, had already enjoyed several centuries of poetry, the triumphant train of Alexander the Great, seven hundred years before the time of Bahram Gur, having heard the bards of Susa singing the loves of Zariadres and Odatis.

The years succeeding the reign of this royal wooer—with the exception of the period of the caliphate—were made melodious by innumerable songsters, many of whom were, and still are, far more famous in the Orient than the algebraist, Ghias uddin Abul Fath Omar bin Ibrahim, known as Khayyam, who was born early in the eleventh century at Nishapur, a small town in the province of Khorasan, now well-nigh forgotten, but then of no little importance.

THE HISTORY OF



OF THE
CITY OF
BOSTON
FROM
THE
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN
B. HENNING
OF THE
CITY OF
BOSTON
PUBLISHED
BY
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B. HENNING
OF THE
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BOSTON
1850

INTRODUCTION

The details of his life which have come down to us are exceedingly meager, but such as they are, tradition has left them entirely unadorned; we are not told that his boyhood—which was passed in the monotony of his native village—yielded any premonition of the distinction which awaited him.

He completed his studies in the year 1042 at the madrasah of Nishapur, an institution celebrated for the number of famous men who had there received their education. The oft-told tale of his friendship with the notorious Hasan Sabah and Nizam-ul-Mulk, wazir of Alp Arslan and Malīk Shah, need not be repeated here; suffice it to say that, as the result of a boyish compact into which they entered, Omar was eventually made chief of the town in which he was born.

Living quietly at Nishapur, he pursued his favorite studies, mathematics, metaphysics and poetry, and became an astronomer, a philosopher, a fatalist and,—a poet.

Following the custom of Persian rhymsters, he adopted a takhallus or lyronym, choosing that of Khayyam, a name suggested by the trade of his father, who was a tentmaker. His countrymen assure us that it was his extreme modesty which prevented him from assuming a more pretentious pseudonym—the Oriental poets, as a rule, being no less diffident than their fellows, thus: Firdusi, the "Celestial;" Hafiz, the "Preserver;" Saadi, the "Felicitous."

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INTRODUCTION

The chroniclers relate that Omar was in the habit of spending the evening on the terrace before his house, in the company of his friends and surrounded by musicians, while the saki, or cup-bearer, passed in and out among them, presenting the honeyed wine in turn to all the guests, a custom which still obtains in the Orient.

He seems to have passed through those days with utter indolence and indifference; places of honor were offered him by the government, but he preferred to dream away his life in a search for some rhyme for the reason of things, although he seems to have been entirely conscious of the futility of his endeavors.

His death occurred in the year 1123 of the Christian era.

The various manuscripts extant contain more than twelve hundred quatrains ascribed to Omar; in this number, however, there is constant repetition of ideas expressed in slightly modified diction. It is probable that many rubaiyat have been introduced into the later manuscripts by over-zealous copyists unable to accept Omar's philosophy, and it is quite likely that some stanzas, which were scribbled by readers on the margins of their copies, afterwards became incorporated in the text; the latter supposition is supported by the fact that frequently contradictory quatrains are found on the same page. Skepticism, however, is exceedingly capricious, and few philosophers are consistent; it is, there-

THE CITY OF BOSTON, FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT, TO THE PRESENT TIME. IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II. BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, ESQ. OF BOSTON. LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall, 1790.

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INTRODUCTION

fore, impossible to determine how many of the rubaiyat are rightly to be ascribed to the Tentmaker.

The ruba'i, a metrical form in great favor in the East, seems peculiarly suited to Omar's themes. In the original the first, second and fourth lines rhyme—all four verses, however, may do so—and twenty-four different meters are in use. The first three lines of the ruba'i serve to introduce the subject, while the last, Mirza Saib tells us, "is the line that drives the nail through the heart." Abu Saïd, Nasir Ali, Jami, Khakani, Hafiz, in short, all the famous Iranian poets have left collections of rubaiyat.

To dispel the perplexity which arose in the minds of some, the title of the first edition of this little book, which was "Strophes of Omar Khayyam," has been changed to "Stanzas of Omar Khayyam." No very profound knowledge of the Greek drama is necessary to show that rubaiyat are not strophes in the technical sense of the word, and it, therefore, seems almost superfluous to state here that the term was used simply as a substitute for rhymes, verses, quatrains,—as it was doubtless employed by Count Shack in his beautiful *Strophen des Omar Chijam*.

Verse unquestionably is the only vehicle in which Omar would appeal to the general reader, and the stanza, which Fitzgerald has made immortal, seems the fittest to reproduce the tormenting strain of doubt and

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despair which the Old Tentmaker so persistently thrummed; whoever ventures to use this form, however, must know that his work may incur the danger of a comparsion with the most beautiful quatrains in the English language; still, a translation which closely follows the letter of the original may find its *apologia pro vita sua* in the belief that it may in a measure show how much more is due the Briton than the Persian.

Fitzgerald doubtless set himself the task, not of literally reproducing the original, but of creating a work of art, of awakening in his hearers thoughts and feelings similar to those aroused by the Tentmaker in his audience; and, allowing for the difference in time and place, he has given us the real Omar, for he has touched in the spirit of the nineteenth century, no less surely than did Omar in the eleventh, the chords of hope and despair, of faith and fear, of reason and revolt.

Of a poem remote in both time and place, only a paraphrase can meet the modern standards of criticism and be in itself a work of art, which a translation, in the strict meaning of the word, can never be, although it too may have its uses.

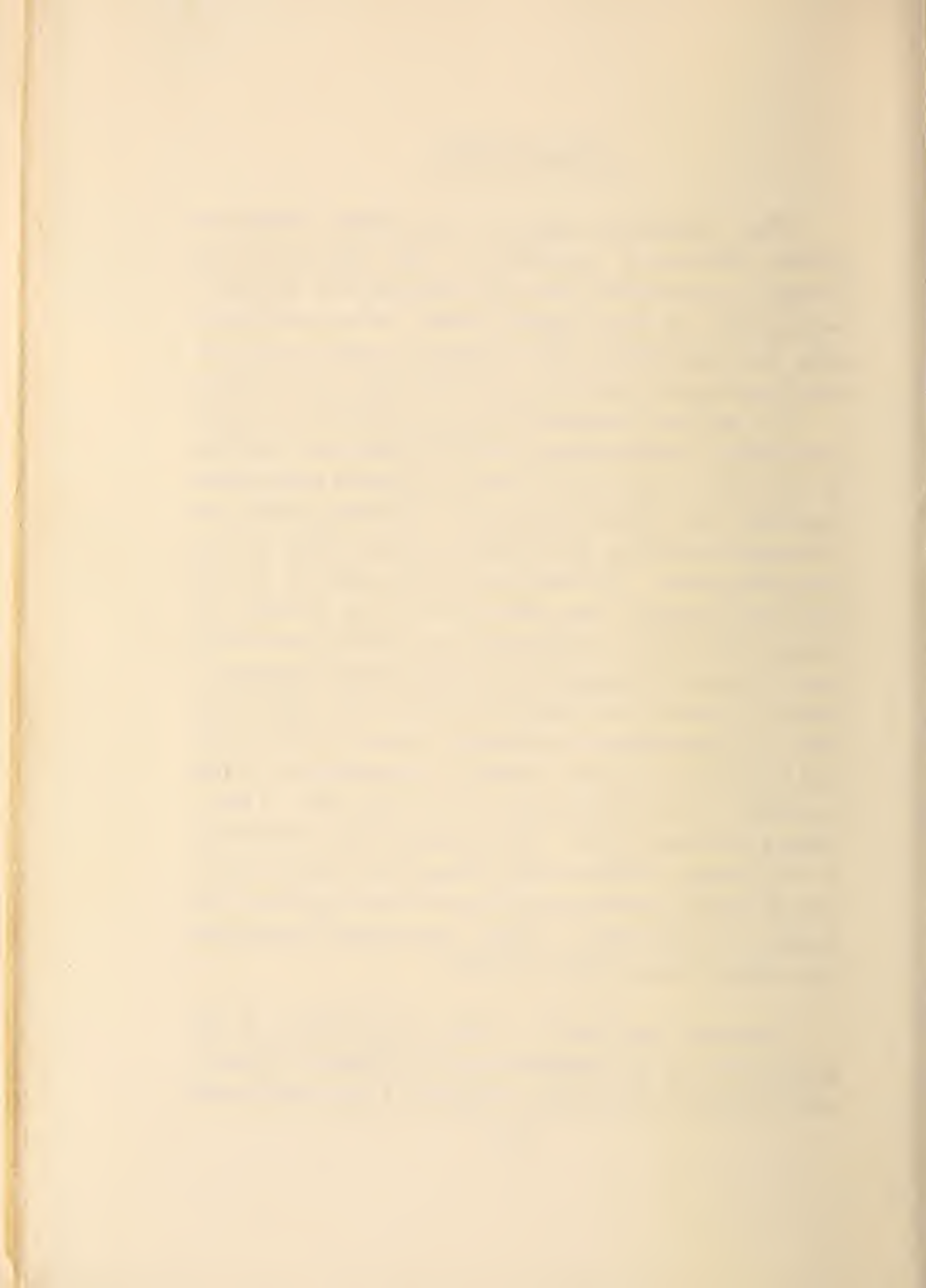
It is difficult to decide what was Omar's real philosophy. Creeds, however, are merely moods of longer or shorter duration; the materialist of yesterday is the spiritualist of to-day, and to-morrow he may find relief in mysticism.

INTRODUCTION

The Tentmaker seems to have been subject to periodic attacks of metaphysics with accompanying changes in his beliefs, but, unfortunately, the arbitrary arrangement of the original, which is in accordance with the alphabetical order of rhymes, offers no clue to the chronological sequence or development of his ideas.

It is well-nigh impossible for an occidental to accept the mystical interpretation of M. Nicolas, and judging by his notes, it seems as if he too, had grave misgivings regarding poor Omar's character. However, while the Tentmaker doubtless was human, it is not likely he was past redemption. He drank wine as he sang of it, and his morals probably were little, if at all, in advance of his age and country, but his vices go hand in hand with great virtues; throughout his ruba'iyat there breathes a spirit of charity and toleration towards his opponents, and an independence in thought unusual in his time and in an oriental land. A skeptic regarding the creeds prevalent, he tore down, but he does not seem to have offered anything better. He recognized the limitations of the human intellect when struggling with the question of human destiny, at the same time regarding that destiny as implacable, a belief formulated throughout his writings in an eastern fatalism.

Inasmuch as there is a vein of pantheism in his poems, he may be regarded as a Sufi, but his Sufism is not of the kind which the professors of the creed would



INTRODUCTION

have us believe, and his wine, woman and song were doubtless no less real than were the material inspirations of Anacreon, Horace and Beranger.

While Omar's fatalism and indifference may to many seem pernicious, thrusting themselves forward so persistently that they cannot be overlooked, the effect of the whole is, as Fitzgerald says, more apt to move sorrow than anger toward the old Tentmaker.

Omar, in the twelfth century, belonged to that class of thinkers which includes the agnostic of to-day. Recognizing the inconsistency of the doctrines taught by the various Mohammedan sects, he assailed them with merciless ridicule; he seems to have thought that the value of a religion depends on its harmony, more or less complete, with the precepts taught by the reason and the facts established by science. By his contemporaries he was regarded as a freethinker and a scoffer, and it was not until long after his death, when the examples furnished by his manner of living had ceased, that the Sufis discovered the deep spiritual meaning of his bacchanalian chants. That they did make this discovery, however, need not surprise us, for the oriental mind, like the oriental languages, is exceedingly subtle; the Sufi of the east, as an expounder of the obscure, is no less adroit than the theologian of the west, and whenever he wishes to aggrandise his sect by enrolling among its members such of his countrymen as are dear to fame, it requires more than a volume of blasphemy to frustrate

APPENDIX

THE following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the membership of the Society since the last meeting of the Council, and of the names of the persons who have been expelled from the membership of the Society since the last meeting of the Council. The names of the persons who have been admitted to the membership of the Society since the last meeting of the Council are given in the first column, and the names of the persons who have been expelled from the membership of the Society since the last meeting of the Council are given in the second column. The names of the persons who have been admitted to the membership of the Society since the last meeting of the Council are given in the first column, and the names of the persons who have been expelled from the membership of the Society since the last meeting of the Council are given in the second column.

INTRODUCTION

his designs. A similar fate has befallen Job and Koheleth, and at some distant day the utterances of Lucretius, Heine and even of Jean Richepin may be tortured into a creed for the redemption of humanity.

"If faith be from God, it is also from him that reason comes," was doubtless one of the articles of his creed, whatever his religion may have been, for he never tired of attacking the unreasonable and absurd. He felt a contempt for hollow ceremonial and he scorned hypocrisy and deceit. Clemency and generosity, not vengeance and wrath, were worthy of the Divine; infinite mercy was incompatible with the Mohammedan doctrine of future punishments, while infinite power was opposed to the more modern theory of free-will.

Hammer speaks of him as the poet of the free-thinker and the scoffer, calling him the Voltaire of Persian literature, and he justly adds that in Iran, as everywhere else, freethinking was the precursor of mysticism.

The shortness and uncertainty of life and the instability of earthly affairs were ever in his thoughts. His appreciation of the unavoidable separation from things mundane and the fewness of his wants led him to disregard wealth and honors. Frequently a vein of pessimism crops out in his writings, but it is of a healthy, aggressive sort, very different from the article which the pseudo-pessimists of to-day in their solemn seasons of reflection upon their individual ills are wont to style

INTRODUCTION

"truth." Omar was a forerunner of Schopenhauer rather than of Leopardi. Although generally resolute and defiant, he is sometimes despondent, but his epicureanism prevented his despair from reaching the pitch of the Italian's wail:—

—Or poserai per sempre,
Stanco mio cor. Perì l'inganno estremo
Ch' eterno io mi credei.

The great charm of the rubaiyat is their note of evanescence, constantly heard above the poet's injunctions to eat, drink and be merry; so persistently and so insinuatingly does it sound that the listener is almost led to believe that the poet's bacchanalian bravado was assumed to conceal his sensibilities from the brutality of the world.

Omar has a marvellous power of arousing certain ideas in the mind by means of material imagery. His suggestiveness is more profound than that of the purely objective poet, who with one or two deft touches presents the perfect picture to the imagination,—a picture sufficient in itself. In the rubaiyat, however beautiful and striking the imagery may be, it is always the intellectual element that prevails. For example in Fitzgerald's:—

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

INTRODUCTION

it is not the suggested magnificence of the palace of the old reveller, nor the vision of ruin and desolation which holds the fancy, but it is the idea of the mutability, decay and death of all things earthly that haunts the mind of the reader.

The selections which follow might have been made much more numerous, but it was deemed inadvisable, as Omar's themes are not many, and the ever-recurring wine, rose and nightingale are somewhat cloying to occidental senses.

The great questions of human life are of all times and of all places, and although Omar never tired of struggling with them, he discovered nothing new. At last, feeling that death alone was certain, he resigned the task in despair, exclaiming to his pupil Nizami: "I shall soon be buried where the north wind will strew roses over my grave," and Nizami wondered greatly at the words, for in the Koran it is written that no man knows where he shall be buried; but a few years later, returning to Nishapur to visit the last resting-place of his master, he found it close beside a garden wall, and he saw that the blossoms had fallen from the spreading branches and completely hidden the tomb from view.

CHAPTER IV

The first of the two main parts of the book is devoted to a study of the history of the English language from its earliest beginnings to the present day. The second part is devoted to a study of the English language as it is used in the present day.

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THE CUP.



HENE'ER I hear the gurgling flask,
Gladly on life my fancy lingers;
When I behold the strong-hooped cask,
Fate, in thy face I snap my fingers.

Art thou surprised, then, when I say :
Only to Bacchus, god of wine,
Only to Bacchus will I pray,
He only shall my heart divine ?

Glowing with wine and glad with song,
Mocking the world, I loudly laugh ;
Thou art the one that rights all wrong,—
Fill up the cup and bravely quaff !

Wine, thou has taught me, sorrow-laden,
Grief to give o'er, hope to renew,
The wiles to withstand of the maiden,
Fair as the rose bedecked with dew.


So, at the last, when Death shall call,
Bidding me haste his steps to follow,
Ere in thy arms, O Grave, I fall,
Boldly I'll ask for one more swallow.

—From the Hungarian of Petöfi.

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 HE herald of the morn, in lusty tone,
Loud greets the dawn upon her golden throne,
Again proclaiming to a slumbering world :
Another night beyond recall has flown.

The Sun has cast about the city towers
A noose of light ; Kai-Kosru-like¹ he showers
His wine in morning's cup,—but hark, a voice
Cries out and bids us seize the truant hours.

Arise ! the sunlight in the tent is creeping ;
The drowsy soon will fall to death's sure reaping ;
Attune thy harp and fill a brimming measure,—
Not one will e'er return of all the sleeping.

In adoration at the wine jar's lip
We learn the lesson of good-fellowship ;
The moments we have lost in fruitless prayer
We quickly find again when wine we sip.

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST
IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED
THE SEVERAL ACTS OF PARLIAMENT
AND THE SEVERAL DECREES OF THE
COURTS OF JUSTICE

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THE STANZAS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

The cup I prize above the realms of Tus,
The crown of Kobad, or the throne of Kaius;
A lover's matin sigh is much more worth
Than all the khajah's² sobs and groans profuse.

Where minstrels sing and goblets clink I dwell,
My clothes, my heart, my soul for wine I sell;
Sorrow and wrinkled care I banish far
Together with all thoughts of heaven and hell.

Since Venus and the Moon have ruled the sky
Naught have men seen with purple wine to vie.
What half so precious as this sparkling juice
Can these same thoughtless vintners for it buy?³

A book, a flask of wine, a crust of bread,
To every care and worldly sorrow dead,
I covet not when thou, oh, Love, art near,
The jeweled turban on the sultan's head.

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'Mid joyful dancers, and with wine and song,
Upon this mossy bank the whole day long,
I ask for nothing more, to think of hell,
Or e'en of heaven, would be, methinks, a wrong.

Gladly our souls we sacrifice to wine,
The fair and radiant daughter of the vine,⁴
Yes, saki, stand thou ready with the flask
And to my lip the flowing cup incline.

When I am dead, my body wash with wine,
Sing o'er my tomb a lyric of the vine,
And when the day of resurrection dawns,
Commingled with the tavern's dust, seek mine.

'Tis said there is a place where houris throng,⁵
Where we shall drink, and list to lute and song;
If Paradise such pleasures holds for us,
To love the like on earth, in what the wrong?

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY
JOHN H. COLEMAN
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

Come, fill the cup and quaff the great nepenthe,
Most precious gift of all the gods have sent thee,
Make haste, for nevermore shalt thou recover
The fleeting moments which the Fates have lent thee.

The month of Ramazan⁶ has passed away,
And Shawwal comes with joy to lord the day,
The vintner bent beneath the wine-skin's weight,
Lustily sings upon his errand gay.

Such homage to the cup I e'er will pay
That when my body in the ground they lay,
The odor of my wine will overcome
All those who happen by my tomb to stray.

Ah, loved one, when the laughing spring is blowing,
With thee beside me and the cup o'erflowing,
I pass the day upon this fragrant meadow, [ing.
And dream the while, no thought on heaven bestow-

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Our life will end, it flies on foot amain ;
What boots it whether passed in joy or pain
At Balk or Nishapur ?⁷ Come, fill your cup—
We die, but still the moon will wax and wane.

Oh, might the vintage time forever last !
The month of Ramazan not yet has passed,
But while a jar of wine remains to us,—
What, thinkest thou that we will keep the fast ?

To Wisdom's Daughter I was one time wed,
Thereafter fruitless Dogma shared my bed,
Her, too, I have divorced now from my roof,
And ta'en the Daughter of the Vine instead.

Fill up the wreathed cup, and from the creed
Of all the two and seventy sects be freed,⁸
And to the riddle of futurity
The answer in the flowing goblet read.

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The morn when from the eve's carouse I die
I will not sue for mercy from the sky,
 Yes, love, to thee and wine I e'er shall turn,—
 Though sinner, heaven and hell I will defy.

Soon from the book of life our names will fade,
And in the arms of Death we shall be laid,
 A little while and we shall turn to dust,—
 Come, boy, my glass fill up, be not dismayed !

The Koran's word, oft called "the word sublime,"
Is seldom read, and not in every clime ;
 But on the goblet's rim there is a verse
 Men read in every place and through all time.⁹

So bring the juice whose dusky color vies
With graceful houris' deep unfathomed eyes,
 And which, like chain with links of iron, holds
 Within its strong embrace both fools and wise.

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One morn, while sitting by the tavern door,
I heard a voice in accents mild implore :—
“Come, fill another cup with ruddy wine,
Make haste, the cup of life will soon run o’er.”

A song in praise of wine and rose I sing,
For these alone a moment’s peace can bring ;
When dead—the bricks that from my clay are baked
May patch the palace wall of some great king.

Yes, bid the saki fill the brimming measure ;
Fear not to make thy God the God of Pleasure !
For when thy clay beneath the turf is laid,
’T will ne’er be sought as some long buried treasure.

Oh, would that I might leave this wrangling mad
About the Great, the Small, the Good, the Bad,
And with the Daughter of the Vine for bride,
Might idly dream away the springtime glad !

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How long, O saki, shall we ponder o'er
These fruitless arguments of Five and Four?¹⁰
Come, boy, attune thy harp, we all are dust,
A breath of wind,—come, fill one goblet more.

Cast off the shackles of the soul, for soon
We leave this world where wine the richest boon
Of mortals is; a single draught is much more worth
Than all that lies betwixt the Fish and Moon.¹¹

Oh, that my face the radiance of this wine
Might borrow, and when dead this clay of mine,—
I pray thee wash it with the fragrant juice,
Then weave my shroud of tendrils of the vine.

Life's caravan unheeded glides away,
And barren hopes alone remain,—but nay,—
Fear not the pain the future has in store,
But drink,—upon us steals the twilight gray.

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Whene'er a mead of mellow wine I hold,
My soul seems lost within the cup of gold,
And for a time from earthly bondage freed,
All nature's secrets to my mind unfold.

Yes, saki, Time will soon us both o'erthrow,
From this world's tattered tent we then must go;
But when a cup of wine is in my hand,
I bid farewell to all this mundane woe.

Come, fill thy cup, the Sun is high,
Attune thy harp, asleep thou shouldst not lie;
The swift and sure return of Tyr and Dai
Has crushed a thousand kings like Jam and Kai.¹²

And when beneath the sod my dust is laid,
And name and memory to a fable fade,
Ah, brother mine, I beg that thou wilt see
That bowls for drinking from my clay are made.



So grind my dust, when dead, with might and main,
And that my loss may be my fellows' gain.

Just take my dust, and knead with wine a jar
That sometime shall that selfsame wine contain.

While on this little earth you humbly crawl,
Drink wine, the past you never can recall ;
Since ruin soon will overspread its face,
In wine be you too ruined once for all.

So, friend, while joy and youth my life adorn,
This purple wine I'll drink from night to morn ;
Ah, do not curse this pain-annulling juice,—
You know 'tis all that cheers our life forlorn.

Awake ! and for my soul's relief, I pray
That you will tear the veil of Fate away,—
Quick, bring a cup, and let us drink the wine
Ere Fate shall make a goblet of our clay.

Yes, friend, within the tavern thou shouldst dwell,
Forever lost in wine, for who can tell
The anguish that our sober moments fills,—
But when enslaved by wine,—ah well,—ah well !



II.

Lovely is youth, though fleeting and flying,—
Wouldst thou the gladness of living taste?
Seize thou the moment transient and dying,
The morn is uncertain and soon effaced.

—*Lorenzo de' Medici.*



NOW white like Moses' hand the branches grow,
While clouds rain tears upon the earth below;
The tender buds revived by Jesus' breath,
Upon the air their subtile fragrance throw.¹³

Ah, sweetheart, sweetheart, fill the crystal glass,
Though houris bright in heaven can not surpass
Thy loveliness,—but one short day or two,
And fairest, thou wilt be but dust, alas!

The moonlight tears the robe of Night in twain,
Henceforth such moments wilt thou seek in vain;
When we are gone the Moon will still be bright,—
So fill thy cup and all its sweetness drain.

And since the future's riddles none can guess,
Come, fill the cup, the cup that drowns distress,
Ah, love, yon Moon will often rise again,
Will rise and miss us in her loneliness.

No, from the future, hope thou ne'er shouldst borrow;
The very thought would fill thy soul with sorrow;
Lose not the present moment in repining—
For 'tis not known that we shall see the morrow.


A day or two, our sorrows will be o'er,—
A little while and then a parting sore,—
But come and taste the Dawn's sweet breath,
How oft will Dawn respire, and we no more!

Ah, would there were a haven free from care,
And that our weary road might lead us there,
And after many years we might bloom forth
Again as bud in spring the roses fair!

III.

To be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations.

—*T. Browne.*

 F friends of mine you are, give o'er this brawl,
Come, fill your cups, and when fair Death shall
I pray you take my clay and mould a brick [call,
To stop the hole that mars the tavern wall.¹⁴

Last night I broke my cup against a stone,
An act of madness I must e'er bemoan,
For "knowest thou not that I was once a man?"
The fragments asked me in reproachful tone.

A sighing bit of breathing clay, this vase
Once humbly bowed before a woman's face;
This earthen handle fixed about its neck
Did oft in love a cypress form embrace.

I chanced a potter at his work to greet
While heads and handles for his vessels neat
Upon his swiftly turning wheel he shaped
From mouldering pates of kings and beggars' feet.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and its history is therefore a history of growth and development. The second is the fact that the United States is a large nation, and its history is therefore a history of expansion and conquest. The third is the fact that the United States is a diverse nation, and its history is therefore a history of conflict and compromise.

The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and its history is therefore a history of assimilation and adaptation.

The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of pioneers, and its history is therefore a history of exploration and discovery.

The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of entrepreneurs, and its history is therefore a history of innovation and progress.

The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of idealists, and its history is therefore a history of vision and aspiration.

The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of dreamers, and its history is therefore a history of hope and optimism.

The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of believers, and its history is therefore a history of faith and conviction.

The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of doers, and its history is therefore a history of action and achievement.

The eleventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of leaders, and its history is therefore a history of guidance and inspiration.

The twelfth is the fact that the United States is a nation of followers, and its history is therefore a history of loyalty and devotion.

The thirteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of workers, and its history is therefore a history of labor and industry.

The fourteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of thinkers, and its history is therefore a history of intellect and reason.

The fifteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of artists, and its history is therefore a history of creativity and imagination.

The potter heeds no silent tongue's appeal ;
His hands no tender mercy ever feel,
 Though 'tis Feridun's heart, Kai Kosru's head
 That whirls in anguish on his rapid wheel.¹⁵

When I shall find me at the feet of Death,
And birdlike all my plumage scattereth,
 Make naught but wine jars from my clay, perchance
 The wine's sweet odor may restore my breath.

The potter deftly shapes his yielding clay,
But knead and mould it with what skill he may,
 Little he thinks it once of human kind,—
 The earth he mangles in his humor gay !

Again into the potter's shop I strayed
Where jars and pots a-many were displayed,
 And all cried out, "where is the potter now,
 And those who bought and sold, where are they laid?"

I saw a potter at his work to-day,
Shaping with rudest hand his whirling clay,—
“Ah, gently, brother, do not treat me thus,
I too was once a man,” I heard it say.

Canst tell how many lives their way will wind?
The soul will vainly try its clay to find
When judgment calls, for this poor skull, the seat
Of joy and pain, the potter's heel will grind.



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IV.

Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux,
Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont des purs sanglots !

—*Alfred de Musset.*



HE flowers upon the breeze their fragrance fling,
The bulbul's notes within the thicket ring;¹⁶
But, come, recline where roses shed their leaves,
The rose that once has blown must die with spring.

This tufted mead is sprinkled with the rain
With all its flowers which our senses chain,
Ere long the flowers from our dust will spring,—
Whose sight will they rejoice? Ah, question vain!

The violets that by this river grow
Spring from some lip here buried long ago,—
Ah, tread thou lightly on this tender green,—
Who sleepeth here so still thou ne'er wilt know.

My manuscript of youth has yellow grown,
The roses of my spring will soon be blown,
The joyful bird of youth that hovered near,
I know not whence it came, nor whither flown!

THE STANZAS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

This "wheel of heaven," in its fatal play,
Will soon our breath of being steal away;
Come, rest thee on this bank, for from our dust
Will spring the verdure at no distant day.

The place where you a bed of tulips seek
Did erstwhile with the blood of Bahram¹⁷ reek,
And every purple leaf the violet bears
Was once a mole on some fair maiden's cheek.

Ah, spirit mine, your life is filled with sorrow,
A respite from your toil you ne'er can borrow;
I know not why you animate this clay,
Since you must leave forever on the morrow.

O, that to heaven's control I might aspire
And sweep away this universe entire,
And from the ruins build another world,
Where man might sometimes reach his heart's desire.

V.

Prince, you will ask of me in vain,
Whether they now are there or here,
Unless it be with this refrain :
“But where are the snows of yesteryear?”

—*Villon.*



BIRD upon the crumbling walls of Tus¹⁸

Addressed the grinning skull of Kai Kaius,

"The rumbling of thy drums affrights no ears,

Thy trumpets now are tarnished from disuse."

And there where Bahram¹⁹ lived in wild carouse,

The lion slept, now deer are wont to browse ;

Though oft he followed them with bow and spear,

They never will his final slumbers rouse.

The world's a wayside inn for mankind made,

Only a resting place of light and shade ;

A board at which a thousand kings have supped, a tomb

Wherein a thousand Bahram Gurs are laid.

Yon crumbling palace, once with heaven vying,

Where kings paid court, is now in ruin lying ;

The ringdove haunts its desolated halls

And domes, coo-coo, coo-coo, forever crying.²⁰

VI.

Why break the seals of mute despair unbidden
And wail life's discords into careless ears ?

—*James Thompson.*

BENEATH the skies each mortal undergoes
A thousand griefs, a thousand bitter woes,
But still love reigns between the cup and flask
And lip to lip pure blood between them flows.

Night's robe is torn, and dawn will soon appear,
So fill your cup and quaff the mellow cheer,
How oft will rosy Dawn unveil her face
When you and I shall be no longer here?

Ah, with what skill thy Maker's hand designed thee,
And with what grace and loveliness combined thee!
But oft I wonder why he made thee fair,
And then in this poor earthen home confined thee.

Attune thy lute and seek the verdant plain,
By graceful houris led, a laughing train;—
How oft has heaven brought them into life
And turned them back to lifeless cups again!

This vaulted heaven, a despot sore,
Of all the problems that we ponder o'er,
Not one has solved ; whene'er it finds a heart
Distressed 'tis sure to add one sorrow more.

Why heed unborn to-morrow's weal or woe ?
Enjoy the hour, the morn we ne'er may know.
To-morrow we may join that caravan
That started seven thousand years ago.²¹

Ere we two lived were many nights and days,
Long have the stars pursued their mighty ways,—
But tread with lightest foot upon this dust,—
'T was once an eye that beamed with tender rays.

Since Fate or Allah, love, doth use thee so,
And since thy soul forever soon must go,
Thy fleeting days among the roses spend,
Ere long the roses from thy dust will grow.

VII.

Es fürchte die Götter
Das Menschengeschlecht,
Sie halten die Herrschaft
In ewigen Händen,
Und Können sie brauchen,
Wie's ihnen gefällt.

—Goethe.



FHATEVER is, by Fate was erst designed,
The Maker now his labor has resigned,
And all our striving can avail us naught,
For all our acts were long ago defined.

Impotent puppets of the sky, we run
As wills the Player till the game is done,
And when the Player wearies of the sport
He casts us into darkness one by one.

Ah, do not think the skies our souls enthrall.
The griefs, the joys that to us mortals fall,
Come not from thence, nor are they known to fate,—
Heaven is far more helpless than us all.

Upon this checkerboard of joys and woes
The wretched puppet hither and thither goes,
Until the mighty Player of the skies
His plaything back in the casket throws.

THE STANZAS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

Whatever laws the pen of Fate has traced
For tears of man will never be erased ;
 Support thy ills, do not bemoan thy lot,
 Let all of Fate's decrees be boldly faced.

Why strive to know the primal cause of all ?
Enjoy the sweet and bravely drink the gall ;
 Upon this checkerboard of life, the dice
 We all must play, as they from heaven fall.

How long will reason's chains oppress my soul,
What boots it whether one day or hundreds roll
 Above my head ? Come, fill the cup, my clay
 The potter soon will shape into a bowl.

VIII.

Fais cet acte de foi dans l'Éternel Génie
De vouloir aujourd'hui ce qu'il veut aujourd'hui,
Et laisse-toi porter par la Force Infinie.

—*Bourget.*



AM as from Thy crucible I came,
A base alloy, and conscious of my shame.
Why should I strive my erring ways to mend?
'Tis Thine, Oh, Allah, and not mine the blame!

Thou hast prepared a way with many a snare
And decked with many a prize to lure us there,
And yet, Oh, God, 'tis said Thou wilt not spare
The man whose footsteps stumble unaware.

From all eternity 'twas known to One
The sovereign wine-cup I should never shun,
So, if I failed to drink this purple juice,
God's vaunted prescience would be undone.

'Twas Allah who engraved upon my clay
The laws I was thereafter to obey;
And will He cast me into raging fire
Because my actions answer to His sway?

THE STANZAS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

The "tent of heaven" was long since raised,—'twas then
That nature's ways were hid from human ken ;
Life's cup the everlasting Saki filled
With millions of these bubbles called men.

Last night I dreamed I met a sage who said :—
"Doth e'er in sleep the rosebud lift its head ?
Why sleep, for sleep is but akin to death,
And thou shalt sleep enough when thou art dead?"

Of those, who have the "long road" traveled o'er,
Not one will bring the news of it, before
Thou, too, must start on it,—mind thou depart
Without regret,—thou shalt return no more.

Why let thy sins of old torment thee so,
What gain to thee from all this crushing woe? [gressed
The man who God's commandment ne'er trans-
Can ne'er God's all-forgiving kindness know.

Why should thy soul with fears of God be fraught ?
When He designed this world, to thee no thought
He gave; thy hopes of heaven are not worth
A moment's happiness at random caught.

'Twas Thou who made us slaves to passion's sway,
Although our Master we must ne'er obey,—
But tell me this, how can we tip the jar
And still not let its contents run away ?

Ah, mulla,²² though you loathe your fellows weak,
From God alone will I forgiveness seek ;
You boast that from the cup you e'er refrain,
But are you free from sin ? speak, mulla, speak.

Oh, thou who prateth of hell's eternal fire,
And threateneth the man who sins with anger dire,
How canst thou pardon Omar's sins ; to God's
Prerogative how darest thou aspire ?

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST
IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED
THE MOST IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING
CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS REIGN

FROM THE DEATH OF KING JAMES THE FIRST
TO THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST
BY JOHN RICHARDSON

IN TWO VOLUMES
THE SECOND VOLUME
LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. RICHARDSON
at the Sign of the Crown in St. Pauls Church-yard

1704
MDCCLIV

Lives there a man who keepeth each decree?—

And if I err 'tis writ Thou chastenest me.

What! if I sin and in return Thou strikest,

What is the difference between me and Thee?

When lost in chaos stars and skies shall be,

My soul, released, will wing its flight to Thee,

And it will ask, oh, God of righteousness,

Why takest Thou the life Thou gavest me?

Till when these thoughts of what is Thine or mine?

Shall I my life to penitence resign?

I shall not know until my spirit flies

Whether the life I live is mine or Thine.

From faith to disbelief is but a breath,

From doubt to faith, but one, the dervish saith,—

So let us gaily pass our fleeting days,—

A little while, then cometh the angel Death.

I have been a great deal of time in the
study of the history of the
people of the world, and I have
found that the history of the world is
the history of the human mind.

I have been a great deal of time in the
study of the history of the
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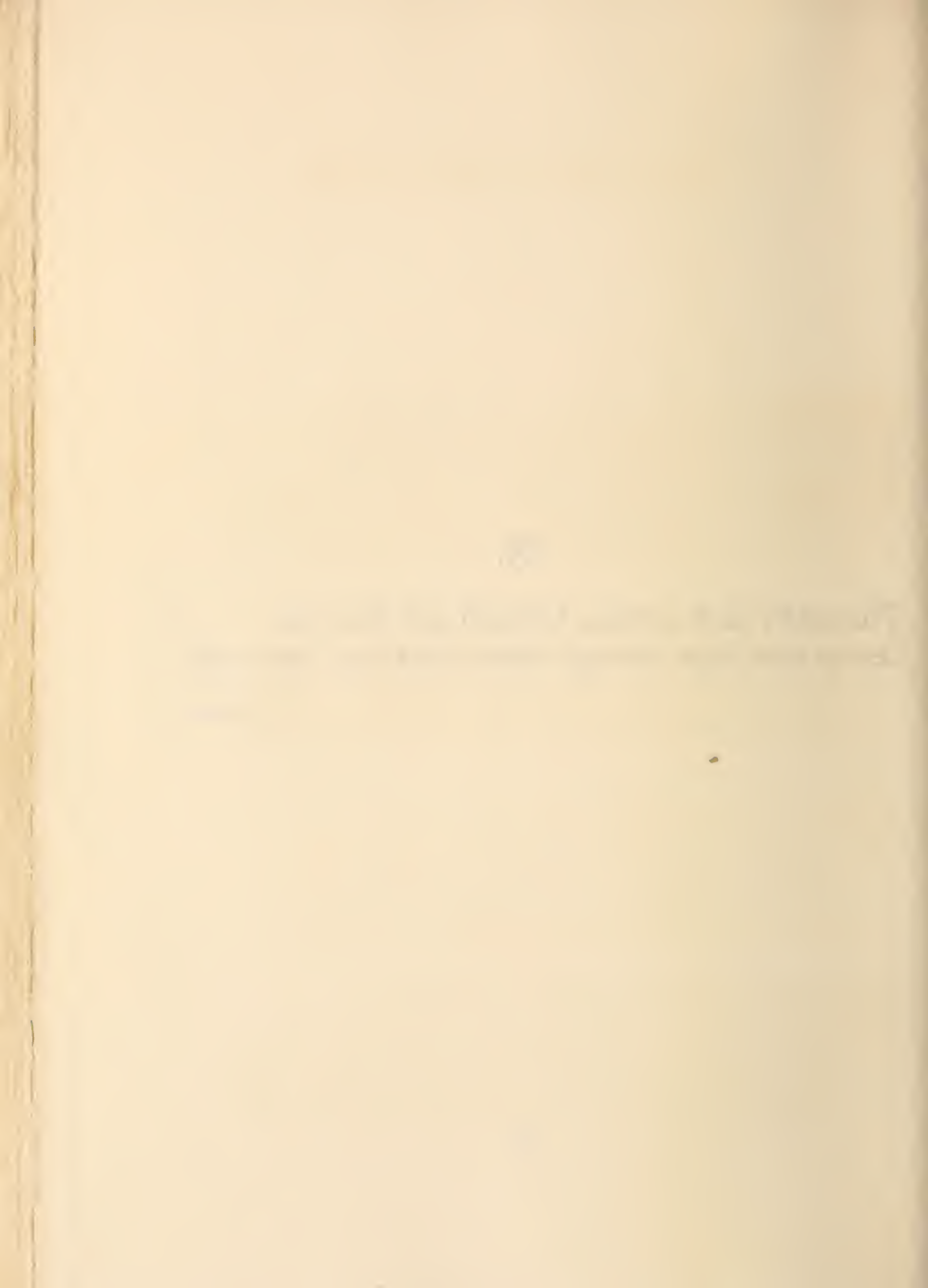
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people of the world, and I have
found that the history of the world is
the history of the human mind.

IX.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

—*Waller.*





WHEN thee, my soul, in wine's strong chains I
Who comes to thee upon the desert wind? [bind,
Who is this mighty being who without
Is none the less the god within thee shrined?

The Mosque, the Kaaba, 'tis a prison cell,
A chain the chimes that from the steeple swell,
The rosary, the Mehrab,²³ and the Church
Are, like the cross, all signs of slavery fell.

Adina²⁴ is reserved for fast, but stay,
Why should we put the cup and flask away?
I know the grape is then forbidden,—but
Worship Omnipotence, and not the day.

Oh, khajah, grant a single wish, I pray,
Point out the road that leads to God, but, nay,—
My steps have found the narrow path aright,
And thou it is who wandereth from the way.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
CHARLES THE FIRST
BY
JAMES HALLAM

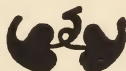
IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE FIRST VOLUME.
FROM HIS MAJESTY'S
ACCESSION TO THE THRONE
TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF
THE GREAT REBELLION.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. STURGEON,
STATIONER, AND S. BARNARD,
STATIONER, IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

1794.
THE SECOND VOLUME.
FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF
THE GREAT REBELLION
TO THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY.

And ye who lash my sins with pious hate,
Who call me drunkard, rogue inveterate,
Come, lead me straightway to the temple door
Where dwells the Right, the All-compassionate.

Sometimes to earthly things our thoughts we turn,
Again we seize the Book some truth to learn ;
Our lives are neither wholly good nor bad,—
I can not think that we fore'er shall burn.



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X.

Le Déiste contemple un pur je ne sais quoi,
Lointain, par qui le monde, en s'ordonnant, com-
Et le savant, qui rit de leur sainte démente, [mence ;
Nomme son Dieu Nature et n'en fait qu'une loi.

Ainsi roulent toujours, du neant aux idoles,
Du blasphème aux credo, les multitudes folles.
Dieu n'est pas rien, mais Dieu n'est personne ; il est Tout.

—Sully Prudhomme.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the origin of life. It is shown that the problem is one of the most important and interesting in the history of science. The author discusses the various theories of the origin of life, and shows that the most probable is the theory of spontaneous generation. He then discusses the evidence in favor of this theory, and shows that it is supported by the facts of the case.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the evidence in favor of the theory of spontaneous generation. The author discusses the various experiments which have been conducted in this field, and shows that they all support the theory of spontaneous generation. He then discusses the various objections to this theory, and shows that they are all unfounded.

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the evidence in favor of the theory of spontaneous generation. The author discusses the various experiments which have been conducted in this field, and shows that they all support the theory of spontaneous generation. He then discusses the various objections to this theory, and shows that they are all unfounded.



HIS spirit which the universe contains
Breathes in the rose and in the lion reigns,
Although the outward forms may pass away,
The spirit still remains, yes, still remains !

This universe is but a body old,
Which doth the Right²⁵ as deathless spirit hold,
While angels, elements and skies and men
Are parts of One, whose laws the whole enfold.

“What may this changing panorama be ?”
Ah, would that I could tell it all to thee,—
'Tis something tossed up by the boundless vast
That will return to that unfathomed sea.

A mighty magic lantern show, the world
Around the sun as candle swiftly whirled,
While mortals are but phantom figures traced
Upon the shade, forever onward hurled.

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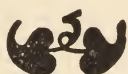
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THE STANZAS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

At times Thou art concealed, and then anon
Thy subtle essence castest Thou upon
All things existent 'twixt the Fish and Moon,—
Thou art the Player and the Looker-on.

This universe is but a mantle worn,
The Jehun²⁶ from our flooding tears is born,
And hell a fire enkindled of our sins,
And heaven a respite from our life forlorn.



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25

XI.

Cieco error, tempo avaro, ria fortuna,
Sorda invidia, vil rabbia, iniquo zelo,
Crudo cor, empio ingegno, strano ardire
Non basteranno a farmi l'aria bruna,
Non mi porrann' avanti gli occhi il velo,
Non faran mai, ch' il mio bel sol non mire.

—*Giordano Bruno.*

THE HISTORY OF THE
 REFORMATION IN SWITZERLAND
 FROM THE YEAR 1525 TO 1576
 BY
 JOHN CALVIN
 TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH
 BY
 JOHN CALVIN
 WITH A PREFACE BY
 JOHN CALVIN

AMSTERDAM



THOU, ordainer of both wrong and right,
Whatever is hath sprung from Thy own might,
Since I am but a humble slave of Thine,

My sins in wrath Thou never wilt requite.

Allah no profit from my homage hath,
And though I oft have strayed from virtue's path,
'Twill matter not, He will forgive, I know,
For He is quick to pardon, slow to wrath.²⁷

The two and seventy wrangling sects contend
And ever strive their crumbling creeds to mend,
But I have cast them one and all away,
And Thou, oh, Allah, art my only end.

I am just as Thy hand my nature cast,
'Mid blessings manifold my life has passed ;
And now I fain would know if sins of mine
Can overthrow Thy mercy at the last.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607



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DR. J. H. GOLDSTEIN
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
530 SOUTH EAST ASIAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607

In vainly seeking Thee no rest we find,
But in and out the labyrinth we wind,
 Though every tree and rock proclaims Thy name
And work, our ears are deaf, our eyes are blind.

The fears of death from our illusions rise,
For death is but the door to Paradise,
 The breath of Jesus hath revived my soul,²⁸
 The tales of everlasting death are lies.

Oh, Allah, grant my wounded heart Thy rest ;
Be merciful unto my grief-torn breast ;
 Forgive these feet that bring me to the inn ;
 Forgive this hand that takes the vine's bequest.²⁹

Unlock the door, Oh, Allah,—Thine is the key,
Thy hand reach forth and deign to succor me ;
 To human aid I will not trust myself,
 For all will perish, saving only Thee.

THE STANZAS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

What man believes that He who made the vase
Will some time shatter it in anger base ?

The Maker of these poor misguided men
Will surely not in wrath His works efface.



XII.

What exquisite folly to build innumerable worlds !
To measure the sun, the moon and the stars as with a
rule ! To name the cause of the lightning, of the
tempests, of eclipses, and of all inexplicable things !

—*Erasmus.*



WITHIN the maze of human faith and doubt,
I erstwhile loved to wander round about,
But no one have I met the way to show,
And through the entrance door I passed without.

For three score years I've listened to the strife
And endless wrangling in the school of life
About this world and that to come, and learned,—
That all our schemes with errors base were rife.

With Aristotle wise you may contend,
And Caesar's power may e'en transcend,
But drink the mellow wine from Jamshid's cup,—³⁰
Though Bahram's self the tomb would be your end.

In singing, wine and rose my moments glide;
Ah, faithful devotee, you boast with pride,
That Wisdom is your only master here,—
But know you that myself was Wisdom's guide?³¹

With nature's secrets be thou not perplexed ;
Enjoy this world and do not fear the next ;
 Ah, grasp this little breath of life as cash,—
 With that to come, let not thy heart be vexed.

A bull there is named Parwin³² in the skies,
A second underneath this footstool lies,
 A drove of asses two great bulls between
 This swarm of mortals seems to Wisdom's eyes.

And of the wise, endowed with wit and learning,
And styled by men, "bright torch of wisdom burning,"
 Not one has passed a step beyond the darkness,—
 They mused a while, then left, to sleep returning.

When first I saw this world of joy and pain,
Assailed by doubts that ever will remain,
 I wondered what it meant to live, to die,—
 The question oft I pondered, but in vain.

Within the labyrinth of human creeds
Of truth and wisdom I have sought the seeds,
By fairest flowers lured to venture on,
I ne'er have gathered aught but worthless weeds.

In earth's dark bosom myriads of the best
That she has known, disheartened in their quest
For truth, are sleeping, and the waste of naught
Is thronged with those to come, and those at rest.

The ways of God are veiled from human ken,
Yes, night and day, 'tis three score years and ten
That I have pondered o'er them, but in vain,
My doubts have ne'er been cleared by tongue or pen.

A host of men was struggling in the snare
Of speculation on the Whence and Where,
When suddenly a voice cried out: "Oh, fools,
Your road lies neither here nor there!"

THE STANZAS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

In youth my thoughts on wisdom e'er were bent
And with my learning was I well content,
Until a whisper reached me from the waste:—
"From the dust I came, and into the wind I went."

Our life glides on apace ; we soon shall swell
The ranks of those who in Death's kingdom dwell,
And of them all, not one has e'er returned
The secrets of that peaceful realm to tell.



XIII.

La vie est ainsi faite, il nous la faut subir,
Le faible souffre et pleure, et l'insensé s'irrite ;
Mais le plus sage en rit, sachant qu'il doit mourir.
Rentre au tombeau muet où l'homme enfin s'abrite,
Et là sans nul souci de la terre et du ciel,
Repose ô malheureux, pour le temps éternel !

—*Leconte de Lisle.*



LF those to come but knew the pain, the fear
That mankind suffers in this valley drear,
Where each one is a plaything of the sky,
Methinks that they would never venture here.

From birth we all are destined for the tomb,—
The rose has but a little time to bloom;
But what is life, this soul-confusing draught,
That man will drink until the crack of doom?

What eye can see behind the veil of fate;
What man can nature's secrets penetrate?
Although our life is but a journey brief,—
Would that we might its pace accelerate!

With sure destruction are Fate's arrows fraught;
Nor can this worldly wealth avail thee aught;
The more I ponder on this world, I see,
The Good is good, and all the rest is naught.

What profit from our coming and our going ;
And from the seed of hope that we are sowing ?
Where now are those who lived and passed away ?—
Their whereabouts transcends all human knowing.

This world, a halting place of but a day,
Is filled with irksome duty while we stay ;
And leaving life's problems all unsolved,
Our hearts harassed with doubt, we go our way.

My spirit chafes beneath the body's weight,
And often yearns to break its prisoned state ;
Were I to leave this narrow cell for aye,
What statute, prithee, would I violate ?

When we depart, the world will be the same ;
Chaotic darkness reigned not ere we came ;
Our coming and our going matter not,
And we shall leave behind nor trace, nor name.

THE STANZAS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

Love, Oh that God would build His world anew,
While aught of life remains to me and you,
And that He would our names obliterate,
Or show more mercy, be more generous, too !

Your life, with each return of night and day,
Grows less; cast not the fleeting hours away,
For many days and many nights will come
When you and I have turned to lifeless clay.

Would that my soul might leave its earthen home,
And wing its flight through heaven's mighty dome !
What shame, what shame to feel itself confined
Within a tenement of basest loam !

Ah, brother, but a little while and thou shalt find
Eternal rest, the secret veil behind ;
Rejoice thy heart and banish grief, for know—
Thy source, thy goal, has never been divined.

Forget the day old Time has ta'en from thee ;
And of the future days from fear be free ;
 Regret not that to come, nor that now passed,
 Lose not to-day, though bright it may not be.

A few short, fleeting days, our life flies fast,
'Tis gone, it flies as flies the desert blast,
 But yet there are two days of neither joy
 Nor pain, the day to come, the day now passed.

Creation dawned, and shaped of basest clay
Appeared a creature on the earth to stay
 A little while,—for Death, the angel, called,
 And, all unheeded, Adam stole away.

Ah, but a little while and we shall creep
To join our fellows in their dreamless sleep,
 But drink your wine,—for those unborn, who must
 Hereafter come, can we forbear to weep?

XIV.

“Come, Death, but quickly come and still,
All sound of thine approach restrain,
Lest joy of thee my heart should fill
And turn it back to life again.”

—*Escriva.*



KHAYYAM, your body is a tent, your soul
A sultan destined to an unknown goal;
The dread ferrash of doom destroys the tent
The moment when the sultan's summons toll.³³

Khayyam, who stitched the tents of wisdom's lore,
Is fallen in the pit and covered o'er;
Death's shears have cut the tent-ropes of his life;
The world has cast him out as worthless store.³⁴



NOTES



NOTES.

1. Kai-Kosru, the second king of the Kaian dynasty, was regarded as a demigod by the Iranians.
2. Tus, an uncle of Kai Kaius, who was successor to Kobad, founder of the Kaian dynasty. Khajah, an orthodox Mussulman.
3. Kisai, one of the earlier Persian poets, has a somewhat similar quatrain, which may be translated:—

The rose is a gift from Eden's bower,
Our minds in the garden grow nobler far;
Why does the rose-dealer sell his flower?
What is more precious than roses are?

4. Daughter of the Vine, a favorite simile with the Iranian poets. Saki, the Persian word for cup-bearer.
5. A satire on the Mohammedan paradise. Koran, LVI. "Youths, which shall continue in their bloom forever, shall go round about to attend them with goblets and beakers and a cup of flowing wine; their heads shall not ache by

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drinking the same, neither shall their reason be disturbed, and with fruits of the sorts which they shall choose, and the flesh of the birds they shall desire, and there shall accompany them fair damsels, having large black eyes resembling pearls in their shells, as a reward for that which they have wrought."

6. Ramazan, the ninth Arabic month, is devoted to fasting ; Shawwal, the tenth month.
7. Balkh and Nishapur are two towns in Khorasan.
8. According to the Persians, humanity is divided into seventy-two sects.
9. Copper drinking vessels with verses in praise of wine engraved on the rim are common in Persia.
10. The five senses and the four elements.
11. From *Mah* to *Mahî*, from fish to moon, i. e., between the fish which supports the bull, that, according to Persian cosmogony, bears the earth on one of his horns, and the moon ; the saying, which is equivalent to the expression 'everything in the universe,' is common with the Iranians.
12. *Tyr* and *Dai*, April and December, two months of the Solar year, according to the calendar used by the Iranians before Islam. *Jamshîd* was the fifth

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king of the mythical Peshdadian dynasty. His real name was Jam, which means 'king.' Shid was added on account of the beauty of his person and of his brilliant deeds. He is said to have been the founder of Persepolis, and the invention of wine is, by some Persian historians, attributed to him.

13. Koran, Chapter XX., entitled T. H. ; Exodus, IV., 6; the branches becoming white with buds in spring, are compared with Moses' hand, 'Leprous as snow.'

14. This stanza is not unlike Shakespeare's:—

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw.

15. Feridun was the second king of the second, or Peshdadian dynasty. By the Persians he was regarded as a hero and a model to be copied by all potentates. Almost all the Iranian poets have sung his valor, liberality and justice.

16. The Bulbul, the nightingale.

17. Bahram Gur, a member of the family of the Sassanides.

NOTES

18. Tus, a town in Persia.
19. Bahram Gur, the name Gur, which means *wild ass*, was given him on account of his fondness for hunting that animal, a passion which cost him his life. The word Gur, which also means *tomb*, gives the original a force which is lost in English.
20. The last line loses something in English, the Persian word *ku* being an abbreviation of *kuja*, where.
21. According to Iranian cosmography, the world, at that time, was seven thousand years old.
22. Mulla, a schoolmaster, a doctor.
23. Mehrab, a chair placed in mosques and always turned toward the East.
24. Adina is the Mussulman Friday.
25. Hakk, the Arabic word for truth, justice, right, is one of the "ninety and nine" names of Allah, Al-Hakk, 'the Truth.'
26. The Jehun, the Oxus.
27. Heine put it less devoutly: Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son metier.

NOTES

28. The Mohammedans in general admit the miracles of Jesus Christ, attributing to him the power of resuscitating the dead with his breath. They, however, place him below Mohammed. The Sufis place him on an equality with God, regarding him as a Sufi who had attained the degree of the Supreme Beatitude, and, consequently, having the power of performing all miracles.
29. According to M. Nicolas, a satire on the day of judgment, the poet, by this prayer in favor of his different members, calling to mind that God has nothing to accord, and nothing for which to pardon matter which becomes inert after its separation from the soul, which again enters, the Sufis say, into the Divine Essence.
30. The cup of Jam occupies a place in Persian poetry similar to that of the Holy Grail in mediaeval romances.
31. Referring to his scientific achievements.
32. Parwin, the Pleiades.
33. Ferrash, a Persian body servant who accompanies his master on journeys, setting up the tent, etc.
34. A quaint quatrain referring to his poetical pseudonym, 'the Tentmaker.'

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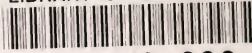
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